

the best part of being disgusting by funkybeyondbelief (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Homophobia, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Swearing, Unrequited Love, aged up tho, like very mild, these are children, ugh why do i do this to myself, very mild sexual content

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

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Summary:

will always knew that he was different.

the best part of being disgusting

Author's Note:

-this is a bit of a more in-depth version of my tumblr post of the same title (look me up! my username is @lofe-mawk plug plug plug #spon #spon)

-the kids are all 12-15 years old (the time changes over the course of the work)

-because of this, there will be no nsfw for the kids

-however, there are a few scenes where will is having fantasies about mike. it is heavily implied that he is masturbating, but the descriptions of his actions and of his thoughts are pretty tame and the most sexual word in these fantasies is "moan," which is why i say that the nsfw content of this fic is very, very low.

-also internalized homophobia and all that jazz

-basically this is will not getting a goddamn break

Will Byers always knew that he was different. While other boys his age liked sports and playing with guns, he preferred drawing or writing. Fortunately, when he was almost five, he met Mike Wheeler, who also didn't like sports and guns. The two of them hit it off and were thick as thieves before the first week of kindergarten was out.

From then on, Will was part of a team. They recruited Lucas, Mike's neighbor, and they discovered their creative outlet: Dungeons & Dragons. Eventually, Dustin Henderson moved into Hawkins and his humor and underdog-ness and charm attracted the group. Then, it was the four of them against the world, D&D manuals in hand.

Will wasn't too sure when he started loving Mike Wheeler. He just always wanted to be around Mike, and the times when they were alone together made Will's insides squirm in the best possible way. he still loved his other friends just like they were his brothers, but with

Mike it was just different. At first, Will chalked it up to them just being best friends, and of course he would want to spend all of his time with his best and oldest friend. Of course.

But then Will was captured by the demogorgon and his world was turned, quite literally, upside down. When Will was struggling to stay alive as cold and hunger and fear tried to break him and he was reduced to a ball of skin and bone, he found himself remembering all the best times in his life. When attempting to stand up and becoming so dizzy from thirst he almost fainted, Will remembered destroying the thesselhhydra with one well-cast fireball in the party's best yet campaign. Will finally forced his legs to straighten out and carry him from his place in the Castle Byers that wasn't really Castle Byers to his bedroom that wasn't really his bedroom. He was left so exhausted and pushed past his limit that he promptly sank to the ground, panting and dry heaving and trying to bring up any food left in his system. As he curled up, nose streaming and throat burning from the bile he vomited, he remembered all the mixtapes that Jonathan made for him. He sang some of the lyrics to himself, trying to keep himself alert in case the demogorgon came back.

But mostly it was Mike. Mike, grinning proudly as he delivered a carefully planned-out line from his campaign notes. Mike, his freckles dancing on his face as he laughed at jokes that weren't funny anymore, but once he started laughing it was hard to stop. Mike, looking at Will with the intensity that only Mike possessed as Will told him such a tiny, inconsequential thing such as it was a seven. Will found himself smiling despite himself, his dry lips cracking open and starting to bleed. Whenever Will felt so tired, so heavy, so alone that he thought it would be easiest to just give in and die already, an image of Mike would pop up in his mind and he would be determined. He couldn't die.

So when Will was finally rescued and brought back from near-death, and his friends all came and embraced him with a cheer, he of course was overjoyed. But it was when he looked down at Mike, holding him tightly, that he realized.

Goddamnit, Will Byers was madly in love with Mike Wheeler.

Goddamnit, Will Byers was a fucking queer.

But almost as soon as Will was reunited with his friends, they started telling him about the mysterious girl who saved their asses. And Will could just tell that, as Mike talked about her, he loved her. And she was gone now, and as much as Will felt bad for Mike, the tiny, evil, jealous person in the back of his mind was happy. This girl that Mike loved was gone. Mike loved no one, and Will could be there. He could be a shoulder to cry on, or a friendly face to talk to when Mike was feeling down. And one day, Mike would look at Will, really look at him, and realize that he was in love with Will too.

That was not what happened. At first, Will grew closer to all of his friends, and they embraced him and seemed to not think about Jane.

But almost a year later, she came back. Will had been taken over by literal hell and was too preoccupied with once again not dying to pay much attention as she closed the gate, but afterwards, when she was fast asleep on the couch and after Will woke up, he spent the better part of the night looking at her. She was beautiful, in a way that radiated from within. She had delicate brown curls and a cute button nose and cherry-blossom lips. Jane was beautiful in a way that was distinctly feminine, and Will hated that she was everything he wasn't. Scrawny, big-eyed Will, with his bowl cut and hand-me-down clothes, was no match for the magical girl who had Mike's heart.

Unfortunately, Will got to know Jane and found that he really liked her. She was funny and curious about the world around her and not ruined by fashion or makeup like many of the other girls that Will knew were. It also helped that she had, you know, magical powers. So Will put on a grin, had fun when he was alone with Jane, and squashed down the tears whenever Jane and Mike held hands or cuddled. Will would not think about how it must feel to be Jane. Will would not imagine that he was the one holding hands with Mike.

Time passed, and they all grew up. Lucas and Max were confirmed to be dating, as well as Mike and Jane. Even Dustin found a girl, Marissa Condie, who was tall and freckly and sweet and played the flute.

Will remained single as predicted by himself and, so secretly they wouldn't even let themselves think it, by everyone else. The party was sensitive to this and kept any PDA to a minimum, not that it

bothered Will. He didn't care if Max and Lucas were making out next to him. And he definitely didn't care if Mike and Jane gave each other that look, that look that showed that they were fully, completely devoted to one another. That didn't bother him. That didn't bother Will, scrawny, big-eyed Will with his bowl cut and hand-me-down clothes.

Will no longer tried to stamp down his thoughts of being with Mike. They were in his head, after all, and they could do no harm there. Late at night, Will would wake up lonely and spend time with the Mike in his head. In his world in his head, Will and Mike were in Love. Not just love, but Love with a capital "L", the kind that burned through universes and lived on forever, a ball of fire unextinguished by distance or time or even death. Sometimes, though, it wouldn't be so poetic. He would imagine dates to the movie theater, or autumn walks through the leaves, or victorious D&D campaigns ending in a sweet kiss. Or, sometimes, Will would wonder what it would be like to really be with Mike, to dig his hands into Mike's hair and hold it in a way that probably hurts, but the only sound Mike is uttering is little whimpering sighs, begging for more. He would wish that he could kiss the flat expanse of stomach between Mike's hip bones and right beneath his belly button, or to look up at Mike's face, flushed with pleasure, as their moans mingle with soft sighs into the night.

But then Will would finish, lonely and unsatisfied, and gaze at the dark ceiling of his room because if he stared up hard enough, he could never feel the heat of tears burning their searing tracks down his face.

Author's Note:

I love getting comments. Please let me know your opinion, good or bad, about this fic! It really means a lot to me <3